

Songster's Magazine;

BEING A

CHOICE COLLECTION

OF THE

Newest SONGS sung at RANELAUGH and VAUX-
HALL GARDENS, the THEATRES ROYAL, and all
other Places of Public Entertainment.

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1. *Wandering Sailor.*

THE wandering sailor plows the main,
A competence in life to gain,
Undaunted braves the stormy seas,
To find at last content and ease;
In hopes when toil and danger's o'er,
To anchor on his native shore.
When winds blow hard, & mountains roll
And thunders shake from pole to pole,
The dreadful waves surrounding foam,
Still fostering fancy waits him home:

In hopes when toils, &c.,
When round the bowl the jovial crew,
The early scenes of life renew,
Tho' each his favorite la's will boast,
This is the universal toast,
May we when toil and danger's o'er,
Anchor on our native shore.

2. *Nancy of the Dale.*

MY Nancy leaves the rural train,
A camp's distress to prove,
All other ills she can sustain,
But living from her love.
But, dearest, tho' your soldier's there,
Will not your spirits fail,
To mark the hardships you must share,
Dear Nancy of the Dale:
Or should your love such dangers scorn,
Ah! how shall I secure, (born
Your health 'midst toils which you were
To both but not endure.
A thousand perils I must view,
A thousand ills assail,
Nor must I tremble even for you,
Lear Nancy of the Dale.

3. *Sable Night.*

WHEN Sable Night each drooping plant
restoring. (cheer,
I wept o'er the flow'rs her breath did
As some widow o'er her babe deploring
Wakes its beauties with a tear (borrow
When all did sleep, whose weary heart could
One hour from Love and Care to rest,
Lol as I press'd my couch in silent sorrow
My lover caught me to his breast.
He vow'd he came to save me,
From those who would enslave me;
Then kneeling, kisses stealing,
Endless faith he swore;
But soon I chid him thence,
For had his fond pretence been in favor then
And he had press'd again,
Fear in my heart I had planted more.

4. *Early Morn.*

WITH early morn

Before the morn,

That gilds this charming place,
With cheerful cries
But echo rise,
And join the jovial chace.
The vocal hills around,
The waving woods,
The chrysal floods,
Return the enliv'ning sound.

5. *Rowing Sailor.*

WHEN the midnight tempest raging
Strikes the Sailor with dismay,
Furious winds and waves engaging,
Banish every hope of day.
But at dawn their rage subsiding,
The ocean wears a tranquil face,
Joy thro' every current gliding,
Calms his bosom into peace.

6. *Spring.*

HAIL young Spring the earth adorning
Drive old Winter far away,
Call the rosy finger'd morning,
Deck the Sun in radiance gay.
Flora bring thy sweetest treasure,
Zephyr waft your softest gale,
Chant, ye birds, the song of pleasure,
Echo tell it thro' the vale.
Leafless, tuneless, unendearing,
Mourn'd the long deserted grove,
But sweet Spring at thy appearing
All is harmony and love.

7. *The Perplexed Virgin.*

YOUNG Collin to our cottage came,
And vow'd how much he lov'd,
I own I felt a secret flame,
Yet not his face approved.
A thousand tender tales he told,
I think it seem'd untrue,
And made believe my heart was cold,
What could a virgin do?
The artless mind is soon impress'd,
With thoughts before unknown,
When Cupid wounds the female breast,
He's sure to keep his throne.
In vain our fortitude we try,
Too hard thro' pity to comply,
What can a virgin do?

8. *The Jovial Tinker.*

I Am a Tinker by my trade,
Each day I live I mend,
I'm such a universal friend,
I hide the faults by others made;
Work for the Tinker, oh! good wives,
It were well while I your kettles mend,
If you would mend your lives.

It is better that is going is my trade,
It is better than the law;
By them are breaches wider made,
I daily stop up many a flaw. Work & cease
That we should mend, is each man's cry
A doctrine it is that all will teach;
Then how much better pray am I,
Who practise what they only preach.

9. *Water Parted from the Sea*

WATER parted from the Sea
May increase the river's tide,
To the bubbling fount may flee,
Or thro' the fertile vallies glide. - Water
Tho' in search of soft repose,
Thro' the lands 'tis free to roam,
Still it murmurs as it flows,
Panting for it's native home. - Tho', &c.

10. *Song in Poor Vulcan.*

WHAT are Pluto's gilded toys,
When compar'd to love's rich joys?
Toys that worldly mortals prize,
Souls of finer sense despise;
Free together let us rove,
Heart for heart and love for love.
Free from tumults, frowns, and strife,
Free from all that burthens life;
Blythely let us seek the plains,
Where eternal pleasure reigns. - Free, &c.

11. *New Song.*

AHI let it ne'er with truth be said,
That public virtue droops her head,
That English faith should luckless prove,
Or crop an English virgin's love,
It in my Sally's youthful heart,
He Richard e'er may claim a part,
His happy hour shall smiling prove,
That honour firmly fixes love.

12. *Louisa.*

HOW oft, Louisa, hast thou said,
Nor wilt thou the fond boast disown,
Thou would'st not lose Anthonio's love,
To reign the partner of a throne.
And by those lips that spoke so kind,
And by this hand I press to mind,
To be the Lord of wealth and power,
I swear I would not part with thine,
Then how, my soul, can we be poor,
Who own what kingdoms cannot buy.
Of this true heart thou shalt be queen,
And serving thee a monarch I.
Thus uncontroll'd in mutual bliss,
And rich in love's exhaustless mine,
Do thou snatch treasures from my lips,
And I'll take kingdoms back from thine.

13. *Happy Maid.*

HOW blest the maid whose bosom
No headstrong passion knows;
No headstrong passion knows;
Her days in Joy she passes,
Her nights in calm repose.
Where e'er her fancy leads her,
No pain, no fear invades her,
But pleasure without measure,
From every object flows.

14. *The Lark.*

THE tuneful Lark on ether wings
Each morn his lofty flight,
In rapt'rous notes he sweetly sings,
And hails th' approaching light,
But I from morn no comfort know,
No rest from silent night,
All joys to me insipid grow,
Afford me no delight.

15. *Damon and Celia.*

A Dawn of hope my soul revives,
And banishes despair,
If yet my dearest Damon lives,
Make him, ye Gods, your care.
Dispel these gloomy shades of night,
My tender grief remove,
O send some cheering ray of light
And guide me to my love.
Thus in a secret friendly shade,
Then pensive Celia mourn'd,
While courteous echo lent her aid,
And sigh for sigh return'd.
When sudden Damon's well known face,
Each rising fear disarms,
He eager springs to her embrace,
She sinks into his arms.

16. *Clara.*

AS I saw fair Clara walking all alone,
The feather'd snow came softly down
Like Jove descending from his tower,
To court her in a silver shower.
The wanton Snow flew to her breast,
Like little birds into their nests,
But being o'ercome with whiteness there,
For grief dissolved into a tear,
Then sowing down her garment's hem
To deck her, froze into a gem.

17. *Fair Rosamond.*

WAS ever nymph like Rosamond,
So fair, so faithful, and so fond,
Adorned with every charm and grace
I'm all desire,
My heart's on fire
And leaps and springs to be remembr'd

18. The Macedon Youth.
THE Macedon youth,
 Left behind him this truth,
 That nothing is done with much thinking
 He drank and he fought,
 Till he was what he fought,
 The world was his own by good drinking
 He drench'd his good soul
 In a plentiful bowl,
 And cast away trouble and sorrow,
 His head never rung,
 Of what was to be done,
 For he cared not to day for to-morrow.

19. Happy Lover.
WHEN a lover's sighs his mistress gain,
 What joys his soul possess?
 The memory of his former pain,
 Against his happiness,
 Takes up the fair then frait he flies,
 No longer can the youth surprize,
 With a fal la lal la, la, &c.
 In her arms he dies.

20. Lohario.
VAINLY now you strive to charm me,
 All ye sweets of blooming May,
 How should ever sun-shine warm me,
 While Lohario keeps away.
 Ye ye warbling birds, go leave me,
 Hide, ye clouds, the smiling sky,
 Sweetest notes her voice can give me,
 Softer sun-shine fills her eye.

21. A New Song.
IN this shady blest retreat,
 I've been wishing for my dear,
 Hark! I hear his welcome feet,
 Tell the lovely charmer's hear.
 'Tis the sweet bewitching strain,
 True to love's appointed hour,
 Joy and Peace now smile again,
 Love I own thy mighty Power.

22. The Attracting Nymph.
ONE eve as passing thro' the mead,
 I spied a lovely fair,
 Her eyes outshone the stars so bright,
 And graceful was her air,
 My thoughts attracted with her charms
 And raptures seized my breast,
 I said sweet nymph you've raised a flame,
 That much disturbs my rest.
 She seemed to scorn my ardent zeal,
 And laughed at my distress,
 Oh! that I ne'er had seen her face,
 Or could I love her less.

23. The Distressed Maiden.
THE wars have called my love away
 I ne'er shall see him more,
 The Gods protect him in the field,

Where thundering cannons roar,
 May heaven guard him on the main,
 Where soe'er he goes,
 Preserve him from the worst of harms,
 And vanquish all his foes.

A Song in Praise of Woman.
WOMAN! lovely creature!
 Sent us from above,
 Charms in every feature,
 To attract our love.
 Pleasures they afford us,
 And this life of care,
 More than fam'd Parnassus,
 To a poet's ear.

25. Advice to the Fair Sex.
WHEN the shepherds seek to woo,
 Mind them lest they faithless prove,
 But if once you find them true,
 Fear not to reward their love.
 Let not beauty make you vain,
 Men of worth deserve your care,
 Never give a lover pain,
 If you find his heart sincere
 Love, the source of every joy,
 Asks whatever we can give;
 Love should every hour employ,
 'Tis for love alone we live.

26. A New Song.
COME ye maidens of this city,
 Join with me in this my ditty,
 Laugh and sing, and dance and play
 And crown with joy this happy day
 So let the glass go briskly round,
 For sure I hear the pleasant sound
 Of my Willy's love voice,
 Come ye nymphs with me rejoice.
 Let all your cares be banish'd hence,
 And none attempt with vain pretence,
 To impede a scene of pleasure,
 Which exceeds the miser's treasure.

27. John and Nell.
AS Nell sat underneath her cow,
 Upon a cock of hay,
 Brisk John was coming from the plow,
 And chanc'd to come that way;
 Like lightning to the maid he flew,
 And by the hand he seiz'd her;
 Pray John, the cry'd, be quiet do,
 And frown'd because he pleas'd her,
 Young Cupid from his mother's knee,
 Observ'd her female pride,
 Go on, and prosper, John, says he,
 And I will be your guide.
 Then aim'd at Nelly's breast dart,
 From pride in soon releas'd her,
 A faint cry'd, I feel love's smart,
 And sigh'd because it eas'd her.

28. *Happiness.*

HAPPY hours, all hours excell'g,
When retir'd from crowds and noise
Happy is that silent dwelling,
Fill'd with self-possessing joys.
Happy's that contented creature,
Who with herself things is pleas'd
And consults the voice of nature,
When the roving fancy's eas'd.
Every passion wisely moving,
Just as reason turns the scale,
Every state of life improving,
That no anxious thought prevail.
Happy Man, who thus possesseth
Life with some companion dear,
Joy imparted still encreases,
Griefs when told soon disappear.

29. *The Shepherd's Holiday.*

THE month of May is now begun,
And the sweet flowers are all in bloom
The nymphs and swains like lambs shall
play,
To welcome the shepherd's holiday.
That man is blest that's free from care,
Young Cupid's dart shall ne'er me ensnare
For 'tis young Betty on my arms shall lay
To welcome the shepherd's holiday.
At night when I'm tir'd I can take no rest
'Tis in my love's arms I am always blest,
'Tis my love that has stole my heart away
All on the shepherd's holiday.

30. *A Song in the Quenna.*

HAD I a heart for falsehood fram'd,
I ne'er could injure you,
And tho' your tongue no promise claim'd
Your charms would make me true.
To you no soul shall bear deceit,
No stranger offer wrong,
But friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
And lovers in the young.
But when they learn that you have blest
Another with your heart,
They'll bid aspiring passion rest,
And act a brother's part.
Then lady dread not here deceit,
Nor fear to suffer wrong,
For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
And brothers in the young.

31. *The Cruel Tyrant Love.*

IF o'er the cruel Tyrant Love
A conquest I believ'd,
The flattery error cease to prove,
O let me be deceiv'd.
O let me, &c.
Forbear to fan the gentle flame,
Which love did first create;

What was my pride is now my shame,
And must be turn'd to hate.
Then call not to my wav'ring mind
The weakness of my heart,
Which, ah! I find too much inclin'd,
To take the traitor's part.

32. *The Lovers Parting.*

I'M come, I'm come to take my leave,
My dearest jewel do not grieve,
For I am going to the Spanish shore,
To leave my charmer whom I adore.
Billy, said she, hearken to me,
How many ships there are lost at sea,
You might lie up in your true love's arms
Free from all dangers and dismal storms.
No storms nor dangers do I fear,
I'll go to sea in a privateer;
And if it please God should spare my life
When I return love I'll make you my wife
Of all the girls I e'er did see,
None shall enjoy my charms but thee.
Billy, if that you will be true,
No other Man I'll e'er wed but you.
O then this couple they did part,
And full of grief and true love's smart
Billy took shipping, and away he went,
And left his charmer for to lament.

33. *A New Dialogue.*

AS I walked forth one Morning fair,
To view the fields and take the air,
I saw a young farmer all alone,
Who to his sweetheart was making moan
He said, My dear and beauty bright,
On you I've fix'd my heart's delight;
What you say Farmer may be true,
But my answer is, I'll have none of you.
My dearest love I will you deck
With a chain of gold about your neck;
But she took huff, and away she flew,
And her answer was, I'll have none of you.
He said, My dear I'll tell you plain,
My Suit and Proffer you disdain: [deny]
When your love I crav'd, you did me
Do you think I'll marry you, No, not I.
Now this young maid has her senses lost
For she has often times in love been crost
And now she lies in torment and woe,
And she rues the time she e'er did so.

34. *Airy Dreams.*

IN airy dreams soft fancy flies,
My absent love to see,
And with the early dawn I rise,
Dear youth, to think on thee.
How swiftly flew the rosy hours,
When love and youth were new,
Sweet as the breath of opening flowers,
But, ah! as transient too.

Will now move slowly on,
Will thy wish'd return,
Count them oft when all alone,
In pensive Shades I mourn.

Return, return my lovely charmer,
To my anxious throbbing breast,
Thy smiles shall every doubt disdain,
And sooth my soul to rest.

35. *The Sailor's Return.*

He. **L**ET tops pretend in flames to melt,

And talk of pains they never felt
We Sailors scorn disguise or art,
And with our hands bestow our hearts.

She. Let ladies prudishly deny,
Look cold and give their tongue the lie,
I own the passion in my breast,
And long to make my lover blest.

He. For this the Sailor on the mast,
Endures the cold and cutting blast,
All dropping wet wears out the night,
And braves the fury of the fight.

She. For this the Virgin pines and sighs
With throbbing heart and streaming eyes
Till sweet reverse of Joy she proves,
And clasps the tender lad she loves.

Both. Ye British youths be brave you'll
That British Virgins will prove kind,
Protect their beauty from all harms,
And they'll reward you with their charms.

36. *Ragged and True.*

I'LL sing you a song of myself,
And to give the devil his due,
I ne'er shall be hanged for wealth,
As for my cloaths they're but few.

My cloaths they're gone without doubt;
To the joy of sweet barley mow,
M' pence they're worn down to nothing
Brave boys tho' we're ragged we're true
My cloaths are all scratches and patches.

You may see if you earnestly look,
My cloaths are all scratches and patches,
Much like to a tale written book,
But scratches and patches I'll wear 'em,
Until I can paint 'em with new;
For drinking I'll challenge the nation.

Brave boys, tho' I'm ragged I'm true.
Come, fill us a pot of good liquor.
We'll drink to our creditors all, (better
We'll pay 'em when times they grow
And landlords come at the first call.

And if they will take no denial,
But run like a hare in full view,
I will give them the start upon trial,
Brave Boys tho' I'm ragged I'm true.
Long time this nail has been driven

Onto the bottomless land,

On an affair there has something been

That will turn to some fatal end;
Let rubbers and blows I will give them,
All our Joys to renew;

As we found the world so we must leave
Brave Boys tho' we're ragged we're true

37. *The Maid's Lamentation.* (rising,

EARLY one morning just as the sun was
I heard a pretty damsel sigh & complain
Crying gentle Shepherd why should I be
forsaken?

Why should I in sorrow remain. [you
How can you slight a pretty girl that loves
A pretty girl as dear as her life;
But love's folly is a foolish, foolish fancy,
Still it prov'd my overthrow.

But when you meet a pretty woman,
A very pretty woman, you'll go and court
her for a while, [changing,
You are always a ranging, chopping and
Always seeking for a girl that is new.

Thro' yonder grove's a pleasant bower
Where you and I've spent many an hour
In kissing and courting, & gentle sportings,
Oh! my innocent heart you've betray'd

38. *Women and Wine.*

WOMEN and Wine compare so well,
They run in perfect parallel.

For Women bewitch us when they will,
So doth wine, so doth wine.

They make the Statesmen lose their Skill,
The Soldier, Lawyer, and Divine,
They put strange whims in the gravest skull
And send their Wits to gather Wool.

'Then since the world thus runs away,
And Women and Wine are alike divine,
Let's love all night and drink all day.

That in wine there is truth a thousand ways
'Twould be no hard matter to prove,
And how oft you believe every matter
that's said,

From the Mouth of the woman you love
Alike they can be told and destroy,
Alike they give Misery and Joy, [king.
You're a beggar to-day and to-morrow a
So in short they can do any thing.

Women and Wine compare so well.

39. *A new Song on J. Hackman and Miss Ray.*

YE tender hearts with pity move,
That ever last the pangs of love,
For in love's phrenzy I may say,
I took the life of dear Miss Ray.

Long time I did address the fair,
And all love's feelings did declare;
She smil'd at all I had to say,

Fatal to me and dear Miss Ray.
But still love's passion hotter grew,
That day or night I never knew,

That love did reason over way,
Resolv'd I was to kill Miss Ray.

And for to do the cruel deed,
To Covent Garden did proceed;
Alas! as she came from the play,
I took the life I lov'd away.

To kill myself was my intent,
The people soon did that prevent,
That at Tourn my life should pay,
For taking that of dear Miss Ray.

I own indeed my Crime was great,
So ne'er let love you overtake;
But after death pray let me lay,
Close by the Side of dear Miss Ray.

40. *The General Toast.*

HERE's to the maid of bashful fifteen,

Likewise to the widow of fifty,

Here's to the bold and extravagant Queen

And here's to the housewife that's thrifty

Let the toast pals,

Drink to the last, (glass.

I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the
Here's to the maiden whose dimples I prize

Likewise to her that has none, Sir,

Here's to the maid with a pair of black eyes

And here is to her that's but one, Sir.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of Snow

And to her that's as brown as a berry,

And here's to the wife with a face full of

And here's to the girl that is merry. (wee

Let her be clumsy, or let her be slim,

Young or ancient, I care not a feather

So fill the pint bumper up to the brim boys

And e'en let us toast them together.

41. *Bonny Jamie O!*

WHERE new mown hay on winding

The sweets of Spring discloses, (Tay

As I one morning singing lay;

Upon a bank of roses,

Young Jimmy winking o'er the mead,

By good luck chanc'd to spy me,

He took his bonnet off his head,

And softly sat down by me,

My bonny bonny Jamie O!

I care not what the world should know

How dearly I love Jamie O.

The Swain tho' I right mickle pride,

Yet now I was na ken him;

But with a frown my heart disguis'd,

And strove away to send him,

But fondly at my feet he prest,

And at my feet down lying,

His beating heart it thumpt sae fast,

I thought the lad was dying.

My bonny Jamie O, &c.

But still resolving to deny,

And angry passions feigning,

I kiss'd roughly tho' him by,

7)

With words few of disdain,
He seiz'd my hand and nearer drew,
And gently chiding a my pride,
So sweetly did the shepherd woo,
I blushing vow'd to be his bride,
My bonny bonny Jamie O, &c.

42. *My Lodging.*

MY Lodging is on the cold ground,
And very hard is my fare,
But that which grieves me more, love,
Is the coldness of my dear. (turn to me
Yet still he cry'd, turn love, I pray thee
For thou'rt the only girl, love, that
ador'd by me. (love

With a garland of straw I'll crown thee
I'll marry thee with a rush ring,

Thy frozen heart shall melt with love,

So merrily I shall sing. Yet &c.

But if you will harden your heart, lov

And be deaf to my piteous moan;

Oh! I must endure the smart, love,

And tumble in straw all alone. Yet, &c.

43. *The Dutch defeated.*

EACH loyal Briton raise your voice,

In Rodney's praise let us rejoice,

Both France and Spain will quake to hear,

How Rodney serv'd their friend Mynheer

Cho. Ye Britons now your voices raise,

Sing aloud brave Rodney's praise.

The island of St. Eustatia,

The Dutch became bold Rodney's prey;

Two hundred sail of merchantmen,

In harbour with the island ta'en.

Another fleet three days before,

Sail'd from this harbour to be sure,

The ships Rodney sent after them,

Soon brought them back again.

The islands of St. Martin and Saba,

Surrendered to brave Rodney;

The conquest gain'd with riches store,

Two Millions and a half, or more.

The Tars of England still may boast,

Triumphant Rodney rules the coast;

And may we e'er victorious be,

To conquer all by land and sea.

So push about the cann and sing,

Health and happiness to our King,

And each True Blue where'er they be,

And likewise Admiral Rodney.

44. *Drowned Cupid.*

SO fare you well my Nancy dear,

Your blooming days are over;

Once I would have married you,

And been your constant lover,

Adieu, adieu, to you my dear,

To marry I've no notion,

Cupid with his quiver and darts,

Is drowned in the ocean.

soul to heav'n resign,
 Forgetting my past weeping.
 O no, I'll cross the raging sea,
 To get great stores of treasure;
 I'll range and go where'er I please,
 Tho' I love her beyond measure.
 In spite of all her cunning art,
 When with kisses she embrac'd me,
 And clasp'd me in her tender arms,
 With ten thousand lies she fac'd me.
 O now I'll cross the raging main,
 And die in the bed of honour;
 The ocean deep shall be my grave,
 No more will I think on her.
 While fishes shall round me swim,
 And the mermaid watch me sleeping.

45. The BROKEN BRIDGE.

*A favorite Dialogue and Song between the
 Traveller and the insolent Carpenter.*

Carp. THIS is fool's play to make this
 bridge passible, 'tis something
 miraculous the whole was not wash'd away.
 I've lived here these forty years, but ne-
 ver remember the water so high.

Trav. It requires the strength of Her-
 cules to pass this road. Hey day! the
 bridge broke; nothing but misfortunes!
 There's a fellow repairing the bridge.

Hip, Friend!

C. Ho!
 T. Pray, can you inform me the road
 to town? (le lol de rara.

C. Don't you see it in the river? Tol!

T. I don't know what to make of the
 fellow; he's certainly a fool. Hip, friend!

C. Ho!

T. How can I cross the river? (Tol, &c.

C. Ducks and geese with ease get over.

T. Quite a natural! he thinks I can
 swim like a duck, or fly like a goose; I've
 a good mind to pull off my boots and wade
 it over; but let me see, the river looks
 deep. Harkee, friend!

C. Ho!

T. Is the river deep? (Tol le lol, &c.

C. A stone thrown in will find the bottom.

T. This answer might please his com-
 panions. I know very well a stone won't
 reach the sky; ha! ha! I see a house on
 the other side. Hip, friend!

C. Ho!

T. Who does that house belong to?

C. Not to you but to its master. Tol, &c.

T. I know very well, Mr. Impertinence,
 it don't belong to the servant; amazing
 I can't get a proper answer from this in-
 solent fellow. I'll refine my discourse.
 Hip, Master Carpenter!

T. Do they sell wine at that house?

C. Where else should they get it? Tol, &c.

T. This fellow is extremely droll, but I
 want to know if the wine be good. Hip, Sir

C. What's the matter?

T. Is the wine good? (Tol, &c.

C. It is so good it makes me tipsy.

T. Nothing to be done in this case!—

Let me see,--Ten miles back again. I
 have no watch, and by not knowing the
 time of the day I may if I go back, be be-
 nighted. Egad, of two evils I'll chuse the
 least. Hip, friend!

C. Here, Sir!

T. Would you be so obliging as to tell
 me what o'clock it is? (Tol, &c.

C. Here's my watch and you may view

T. Zounds! if I could get across the ri-
 ver I'd beat that impertinent Scoundrel
 like a stock fish.

C. Oh! oh! would you so? My thanks
 are due unto the river. Tol, &c.

T. Something extremely odd I can't
 get an answer. Oh! oh! I think I see a
 boat. Here, Boat, boat.

Waterm. Who calls boat

T. Here, this way friend, this way.

W. where would your honor please to go

T. Over the river to beat that impu-
 dent fellow there. (great Blackguard

W. You'd better let him alone, for he's a

T. Never you mind that, I'll settle mat-
 ters with him, what shall I give you to
 ferry me over?

W. A Shilling and please your honor.

T. Come along friend, I'll give you
 your demand, pull away.

W. Come down the stairs, I'll be ready
 for you, give me your hand your honor,
 and I'll help you into the boat. (away.

T. There, that will do, pull away; pull

C. sings. Tol de lol de, &c.

T. I'll give you the Tolle rolles presently
 Exit on the other side.

C. I thought I heard a voice, I'll turn
 about and see.--Oh! oh! Mr. Inquisitive

is off. He took me for a servant of all work
 --Did he imagine I carried a catalogue of

answers to his impertinent questions in
 my pocket: Which way to the town?--Is

the river deep?--Whose house is that?--

Do they sell wine?--Is the wine good?

and a thousand such like; but I sent him
 off at last. ha! ha! ha! by shewing him

my watch, Tol le lol de rara.
 T. canes C. There, there, you Scoun-

drel, take that for your impertinence.
 C. Yes, yes, he has given it me pretty
 and homely, indeed.

45. Mr. Fairholt tells me this is very curious & is
still used in the puppet shows.